

#5

\$1.50
U.K. 95p

STAR BEACH

LONDON

GIDEON
FAUST—
WARLOCK
AT LARGE!

LEN WEIN
& HOWIE
CHAYKIN



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John

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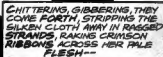


SCREAMING,
SHE RUNS.

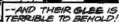


MADLY, IN BLIND PANIC, SHE
SCRAMBLES ACROSS THE COBBLED
STREETS, AS IF DEMONS OUT OF
HELL NIPPED CLOSE AT HER HEELS--

--FOR,
IN FACT,
THEY DO.



CHITTERING, GIBBERING, THEY
COME FORTH, STRIPPING THE
SILKEN CLOTH AWAY IN RAGGED
STRANDS, RAKING CRIMSON
RIBBONS ACROSS HER PALE
FLESH--



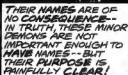
--AND THEIR GLEE IS
TERRIBLE TO BEHOLD!

YOUR FLESH
IS WARM.

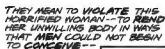
YOUR
FLESH IS
WIRAK.



YOUR
FLESH
WILL
SOON BE
OURS!

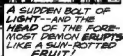


THEIR NAMES ARE OF
NO CONSEQUENCE--
IN TRUTH, THESE MINOR
DEMONS ARE NOT
IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO
HAVE NAMES--BUT
THEIR PURPOSE IS
PAINFULLY CLEAR!



THEY MEAN TO VIOLATE THIS
HORRIFIED WOMAN--TO REBEND
HER UNWILLING BODY IN WAYS
THAT MEN COULD NOT BEGIN
TO CONCEIVE--

--BUT APPEARANCES
CAN BE SHAMEFULLY
DECEIVING!



A SUDDEN BOLT OF
LIGHT--AND THE
HEAD OF THE FORE-
MOST DEMON ERUPTS
LIKE A SUN-ROTTED
FRUIT!



--AND IT
APPEARS
THEY WILL
SUCCEED--

OUT FROM THE INK-DARK
SHADOWS, THE FIGURE OF
A MAN BURSTS INTO THE
MISTY CIRCLE OF GASLIGHT--

--SCATTERING THE
DEMONIC HORDE
BEFORE HIM LIKE
CHAFF BEFORE THE
STORM--

--BLOWING THEM AWAY
ON A RIGHTEOUS WIND!

THIS IS HIS
CITY!

LONDON 1880!

HIS NAME IS...

GIDEON FAUST

WARLOCK AT LARGE

by LEN WEIN & HOWARD CHAYKIN

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HE IS ONE WITH THE EARTH,
THIS GOLDEN-HAIRED STRANGER.

AT HIS COMMAND, WRITHING TENDRILS
ERUPT FROM THE GROUND, THEIR JAGGED
THORNS RIPPING THE HELLSKAWN
ASUNDER.



SOON, ONLY THE MAN--
AND THE WOMAN--
REMAIN.

ALLOW ME TO WRAP MY
CLOAK ABOUT YOU, MISS
CROSS, ARE YOU
UNHARMED?

YES...
THANKS
TO YOU.
THEY
ALMOST...



H-HOW
DO YOU
KNOW MY
NAME?
WHO
ARE YOU?

I AM CALLED GIDEON
FAUST, AS FOR HOW I
KNOW YOU... I AM
CERTAIN YOU WOULD
PREFER TO DISCUSS
THAT... AND OTHER
MATTERS... IN THE
COMFORT OF MY
COACH.



IF YOU
WOULD BE
SO KIND
AS TO
JOIN
ME...?

H-HOW
COULD I
POSSIBLY
REFUSE?

SQUIRE FALSTAFF
FITZHUGH, MAY I
PRESENT MISS
VICTORIA CROSS.

THE YOUNG LADY WILL
BE OUR GUEST FOR
THE EVENING.



AND
A MOST
LOVELY
GUEST,
INDEED.

IF I
MIGHT
HELP
YOU IN,
MY DEAR...?

TH-THIS
PLACE.
IT'S...
IT'S...

YES, I ADMIT IT
ISN'T MUCH, MY
DEAR--BUT I
FEAR GIDEON
HAS GROWN
QUITE FOND
OF IT.



THERE'S
JUST NO
ACCOUNTING
FOR
TASTE,
YOU KNOW.

I--I MUST
BE GOING MAD! FROM
THE OUTSIDE, THIS WAS
A HORSE-DRAWN COACH,
BUT ON THE INSIDE...



SAUDY, IS IT NOT? MY
FRIEND GIDEON HAS A
TERRIBLE WEAKNESS
FOR THE CREATURE
COMFORTS, I'M AFRAID.



FITZHUGH,
YOU'RE
CONFUSING
THE GIRL..

COME, MISS CROSS--
WHY DON'T WE ADORN
TO THE LIBRARY, WHERE
WE CAN DISCUSS YOUR
PROBLEM IN DEPTH.



NOW, MISS CROSS--
PERHAPS YOU CAN
EXPLAIN **HOW** YOU
FOUND YOURSELF
PURSUED BY A BAND
OF LOWER-ECHELON
DEMONS THIS
EVENING?



TO BE FRANK, MISTER
FAUST... I'VE NO IDEA.

COME NOW,
MY DEAR--
SURELY THIS
SORT OF THING DOES
NOT OCCUR TO
YOU EVERY
DAY.

CERTAINLY
NOT-- BUT THIS
IS STILL QUITE
FAR AFIELD FROM
MY REGULAR LINE
OF ENDEAVOR.

I'M AFRAID
THAT ISN'T EXACTLY
THE SORT OF
THING ONE DIS-
CUSSES IN *POUTE*
COMPANY, SQUIRE
FITZHUGH--

-- BUT
PERHAPS
IF I TOLD
YOU A LITTLE
STORY BY
WAY OF
EXPLANATION...?

WHICH
IS...?



THE MADAM OF
THE HOUSE GREETES
HIM WARMLY, FOR
HE HAS BEEN HERE
MANY TIMES BE-
FORE. HE DIS-
CREETLY HANDS
HER AN ENVELOPE
WHOSE CONTENTS
WILL COVER HIS
EXPENSES FOR
THE EVENING--

--AND AS HE
DOFFS HIS OUTER-
WEAR, THE MADAM
USHERS HIM INTO
A HEAVILY-PADDED
CHAMBER, WHERE
HIS EVENING'S
"ENTERTAIN-
MENT" AWAITS
HIM.

SHE HAS BEEN
BOUND TO THE
BED, AND HEAVILY
DOSED WITH
CHLOROFORM TO
QUIET HER
SCREAMS--

--WHICH IS QUITE
IMPORTANT.

IMAGINE A SCENE IN
A CERTAIN WELL-
APPOINTED PARLOR
EARLIER TONIGHT.
THE LADY OF THE
HOUSE SITS DE-
MURELY AT HER
KNITTINGS, WHILE
HER HUSBAND DONS
HIS CLOAK--AND
PRESUMES TO TAKE
A QUIET STROLL.

BUT WHERE DOES
HE GO, OUR FINE
VICTORIAN GEN-
TLEMAN? WHY, TO
A GASLIT TOWN
HOUSE IN LON-
DON'S WEST END
--WHERE HE DIS-
MISSES HIS CAB,
AND KNOCKS
SOFTLY ON THE
DOOR.



"--WHEN YOU CONSIDER THE GIRL IS ONLY TWELVE YEARS OLD--AND OUR PROPER VICTORIAN GENTLEMAN HAS COME HERE TO DEFLOWER HER!"



"I KNOW THIS, MY FRIENDS-- BECAUSE ONCE I WOULD HAVE BEEN THE ONE WHO SUPPLIED THEM THE CHILD IN THE FIRST PLACE!"

"UPON MY WORD, WOMAN, SURELY YOU DON'T MEAN..."

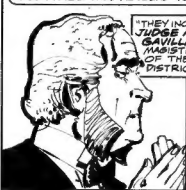
BUT I DO, SQUIRE. YOU SEE, I THOUGHT IT WAS FOR THEIR OWN GOOD-- A WAY FOR FAMILIES TO EARN THE MONEY THEY SO DESPERATELY NEEDED!

BUT AT LAST I REALIZED WHAT A REPULSIVE THING I WAS DOING--AND I SET ABOUT TO ATONE FOR MY MISTAKES.

IN PRECISELY WHAT FASHION, MISS CROSS?



BECAUSE OF MY REPUTATION, I HAVE RECENTLY BEEN EMPLOYED AS AGENT ON BEHALF OF CERTAIN GENTLEMEN WISHING TO PURCHASE YOUNG VIRGINS--AND FRANKLY, THEIR IDENTITIES WILL ASTOUND YOU!



"THEY INCLUDE JUDGE AMOS GAVILLAN, MAGISTRATE OF THE FIFTH DISTRICT COURT!"



"THE REVEREND MISTER GOODBODY, PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY!"



"AND PROFESSOR JAMES GRAVES, DEAN OF LETTERS AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY!"

BUT RATHER THAN TURN THE POOR CHILDREN OVER TO THEIR WOULD-BE VIOLATORS, I'VE CLOISTERED THEM WITH THE SISTERS OF MERCY--UNTIL I CAN FIND SOME WAY TO BETTER THEIR LOT IN LIFE.



THEN PERHAPS IT IS ONE OF YOUR FRUSTRATED CLIENTS WHO SET THAT HELLISH HORDE ON YOU--

--TO REPAY YOU FOR BETRAYING HIM!



--THIS I SUGGEST WE DIVIDE OUR FORCES--AND PAY A VISIT TO EACH OF THESE SO-CALLED GENTLEMEN!

CERTAINLY ANY ANSWERS TO BE FOUND NOW REST WITH ONE OF THEM!

THE RIGHT
REVEREND
MISTER
GOODBODY
VISIBLY
BLANCHES
BEFORE
FAUST'S
QUIET ACCU-
SATIONS.

PROFESSOR
JAMES GRAVES
ACTUALLY
FAINTS.

FRUSTRATED, THE GOLDEN-HAIRED
WIRELOCK AND HIS LOVELY COM-
PANION CAN DO LITTLE ELSE BUT
WAIT FOR FALSTAFF FITZHUGH...

--BUT WHEN THE
APPOINTED MEETING
TIME HAS COME AND
PASSED...

BUT THE
ARCANE SPARK
WITH WHICH HE
TOUCHES THEIR
VERY SOULS
ASSURES FAUST
OF THEIR
INNOCENCE.

YOU
DON'T
THINK...?

I'M AFRAID I
DO! IF GOODBODY
AND GRAVES ARE
NOT RESPONSIBLE
FOR THAT DEMON-
HORDE-- THEN
THE CULPRIT MUST
BE GAVILLAN!

I'VE SENT POOR
FALSTAFF STRAIGHT
INTO THE LON'S DEN--
AND I'VE ONLY ONE
CHANCE TO FIND HIM
BEFORE IT'S TOO
LATE!

LIKE AN ETHEREAL
WIND, FAUST SENDS
HIS CELTIC POWERS
QUESTING ACROSS
POBBY LONDON, IN
SEARCH OF HIS
MISSING FRIEND.

WINDING DOWN THROUGH
FOUL-SMELLING ALLEY-
WAYS, SWIRLING MADLY
ABOUT SOOT-BLACK
CHIMNEYS, THE MYSTIC
FORCES HUNT AND PROBE--

--UNTIL THEY
ENVELOP THE
STATELY MANSION
OF JUDGE AVOS
GAVILLAN--AND
FINDING NOTHING
THERE, MOVE ON!

WHILE,
ELSEWHERE...



AFTER ALL,
ONCE YOU ARE
ELIMINATED--
WHAT IS THERE
TO STOP ME?



I ALREADY
POSSESS CERTAIN
ABILITIES FAR
BEYOND THOSE
OF LESSER
MEN--

-- POWERS
GRANTED ME BY
ASTROTETH,
DEMON OF THE
SEVENTH HOST!



--AND ONCE I
HAVE FREED
ASTROTETH
FROM HIS CAP-
TIVITY IN THE
HELLPIT
BELOW YOU--

--WITH THE
SOULS OF
THESE UNWILLING
YOUNG LADIES--



--I SHALL VERY
LIKELY BE THE
SINGLE MOST
POWERFUL MAN
ON EARTH--



I'VE
FOUND
HIM!

AND
WITH
THAT,
FAUST
IS
OFF!



YOU'D HARDLY BELIEVE
THAT AS CONTEMPT-
IBLE A COMMODITY
AS THE INNOCENCE
OF THESE YOUNG
VIRGINS WOULD PROVIDE
THE NECESSARY IN-
GREDIENT TO ALLOW
ASTROTETH TO
SUNDER HIS INTER-
DIMENSIONAL BONDS!

OF COURSE, EACH ONE OF
THEM MUST BE VIOLATED
AT PRECISELY THE
PROPER MOMENT--



YOU
UNHOLY
FIEND--!!

--BUT THAT SHOULD
POSE NO PROBLEM SINCE
IT IS I WHO SHALL PER-
FORM THE RAUWINGS!



UNHOLY? PERHAPS, SQUIRE. PISND? MOST DEFINITELY! AND I RATHER ENJOY...BFF

THE SHACKLES ARE EMPTY! FITZHUGH HAS SOMEHOW VANISHED!



NO, NOT VANISHED. MAGISTRATE-- MERELY RELOCATED!

YOU! THE ONE WHO RESCUED THAT CURSED CROSS WOMAN--!?!



IMPRESSIVE! HE FORMS HIS DEMONIC MINIONS FROM THE VERY ESSENCE OF HIS OWN BEING--

DESTROY HIM, MY LITTLE ONES!



--BUT HE IS STILL NO MATCH FOR ONE WHO HAS CONQUERED THE DARKEST SECRETS OF MR. SCRATCH!

MY WALKING STICK SCATTERS HIS VILE MANIFESTATIONS LIKE WIND-BLOWN LEAVES!



YOU'VE DEFEATED HIS HID-BOUS CREATURES, GIBSON-- BUT GAVILLAN HIMSELF IS MAKING GOOD HIS ESCAPE!

HE PASSES HIMSELF CLEAR THRU THAT SOLID BRICK WALL--!

BUT THERE IS NOWHERE ON EARTH HE CAN GO--

--THAT
GIDEON FAUST
CANNOT
FOLLOW!!

WITH A SIMPLE GESTURE, THE VIKTORIAN
WARLOCK PENE-
TRATES THE THICK
BARRIER BEFORE HIM--

--TO FIND HIMSELF
PERCHED IN A MUSIC
HALL BALCONY
WHEN HE GAINS THE
OPPOSITE SIDE!

GAVILLAN GIVE UP
THE FIGHT!

THERE IS NO
PLACE LEFT FOR
YOU TO RUN-- NO
CHANCE OF
REFUGE!

SURRENDER
YOURSELF TO
ME-- WHILE
YOU STILL CAN!

THE ONLY THING
WAITING FOR ME IF
I SURRENDER, SIR,
IS A CELL IN HER
MAJESTY'S PRISON--

--OR
THE
NOOSE!

--BUT STILL THE
WARLOCK PASSES
ON, UNSCATHED!

--BUT PERHAPS
IT IS FOR THE
BEST!

BETTER THEY
SUFFER A FEW
BROKEN BONES
THAN WHAT MAY
BEFALL THEM IF
THEY REMAIN
HERE!

I HAVE
POWER,
SIR--AND
I MEAN TO
USE IT!

THE STENCH OF
BRIMSTONE IS
ADDED TO THE
SMELL OF CHEAP
ALE AND CIGARS
AS THE AIR
AROUND FAUST'S
PLUMMETING
FORM SUDDENLY
BLOSSOMS INTO
FLAMES--

THE CROWD
BELOW IS
SCATTERING IN
PANIC--MAULING
ONE ANOTHER IN
THEIR RUSH FOR
THE EXITS--

PROPHETIC
WORDS, INDEED,
UNFORTU-
NATELY FOR
IN THE NEXT
INSTANT--

--GAVILLAN
STRIKES!!



MY HEAD--
REELING--

HAVE TO
GATHER MY
THOUGHTS
BEFORE...NO!

GAVILLAN!
WHAT IS
HAPPENING
TO
GAVILLAN??

EVEN AS WE SPEAK, GOOD
SIR, I GAIN GREATER POWER
FROM ASTROTETH, WHO WRITHES IN
THE BUBBLING HELL/PIT BE-
NEATH THIS VERY FLOOR!



THE
BATTLE IS
OVER, GOOD
SIR-- AND
VICTORY IS
MINE!

FIRST, I SHALL DISPOSE OF
YOU, QUICKLY CLEANLY -AND
THEN I SHALL ATTEND TO
THE YOUNG LADIES!

YES, I SHALL QUITE
ENJOY ATTENDING
TO THE YOUNG
LADIES!

ANY PREFERENCE,
GOOD SIR? I CAN SLAY
YOU ANY ONE OF A NUMBER
OF WAYS, YOU KNOW.



I
WOULD
PREFER NOT
TO DIE AT ALL,
MAGISTRATE--

--AND I
STILL POSSESS
THE TALENT TO
ACHIEVE THAT
END!

AND ONCE MORE, THE MAN
CALLED FAUST BECOMES
ONE WITH THE EARTH, ONCE
MORE, THE WORLD BENDS
AND SWAYS TO HIS
COMMAND--

--BUT IT IS SIMPLY
NOT ENOUGH!

MUST DRAW
ON THE WELL-
SPRINGS OF MY
LIFE... PUT THE
SMOLDERING SPARK
OF MY VERY EXIST-
ANCE INTO ONE
FINAL SPELL...

...AND THEN
UNLEASH
THAT EN-
CHANTMENT...

...THIS!!

FAUST CLENCHES
HIS EYES TIGHT, IN
OBVIOUS PAIN--
FOR HE IS TRULY
ONE WITH THE
ELEMENTAL FORCES
NOW--AND AT HIS
URGING, THE
POLISHED WOODEN
FLOOR OF THE NOW-
DESERTED MUSIC HALL
SHIMMERS--

--AND
ABRUPTLY
DISAPPEARS!

FOR AN INSTANT, JUDGE AMOS GAVILLAN HANGS
SUSPENDED IN SPACE THEN HIS POWER FLEES
BLINDLY BEFORE HIS PAIN--AND HE PLUNGES SCREAMING,
HEAD-OVER-HEELS, INTO THE HEART OF THE BUBBLING
HELLPIT!

ASTROTETH
RECEIVES THE
UNINVITED SACRIFICE
GLADLY, IT IS NOT
EXACTLY THE ONE HE
HAS BEEN EXPECTING--

--BUT ALL THINGS
CONSIDERED, IT
WILL DO!

AT LEAST THIS WAY, HE WILL NOT HAVE TO MAKE THE LONG, LONELY JOURNEY BACK ACROSS THE DIMENSIONS...ALONE!

HE RIGGS TO HIS CLOVEN FEET--AND THE GABLED ROOF OF THE BURNING MUSIC HALL ERUPTS SKYWARD!

THUS ASTROTETH SHRUGS HIS MIGHTY SHOULDERS--AND THE HELLFIRE BUBBLES OVER!

HE REACHES HOPELESSLY FOR THE GLITTERING HEAVENS--

--AND THEN IS SWALLOWED WHOLE BY A CLEANSING FUNNEL OF FLAME!

IT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY BEFORE THE FINAL CHARRED AND SMOOKING FRAGMENTS OF THE RUPTURED BUILDING COLLAPSE BACK TO EARTH!

I-I MANAGED TO SAVE THE CHILDREN GAVILLAN HELD PRISONER... BUT GIBSON IS STILL INSIDE THAT HELLISH INFERNO!

YOU'LL NOT BE RID OF ME THAT EASILY, FITZHUGH!

I TRUST THE ANSWER TO THAT IS OBVIOUS, MISS CROSS.

--AND JUSTICE HAS BEEN SERVED AT LAST!

BY HEAVEN, MY DEAR--I FEAR WE'VE LOST HIM!

MISTER PAUST... GIBSON... ARE YOU...?

IT APPEARS JUDGE GAVILLAN HAS PASSED HIS FINAL SENTENCE--

FINIS!

THE
GODS OF MOUNT
OLYMPUS
IN ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY



CHAPTER ONE of **The Beginning**
All Things

©1976 Johnny Achziger
and Joe Staton







...AND NOW MY CHILDREN, I SHALL TELL YOU ABOUT THE BEGINNING OF ALL THINGS; THE CREATION OF ALL THINGS...OF THE EARTH, AND OF ALL THE GODS!

MANY, MANY YEARS LONGER THAN ANYONE CAN IMAGINE, ALL THINGS LAY IN A GREAT, CONFUSED MESS. THE EARTH DID NOT EXIST; LAND, SEA, AND AIR WERE MIXED TOGETHER SO THAT THE EARTH WAS NOT SOLID, THE SEA WAS NOT FLUID, NOR THE AIR TRANSPARENT.

OVER THIS SHAPELESS MESS REMAINED A CARELESS DEITY CALLED CHAOS, WHO COULD NOT BE DESCRIBED AS THERE WAS NO LIGHT BY WHICH HE COULD BE SEEN. HE SHARED HIS THRONE WITH THE DARK GODDESS NYX, WHO IS NIGHT, CHAOS, WEARY OF HIS BORING EXISTENCE, WAS DETHRONED BY THEIR SON EREBUS, WHO IS DARKNESS; HE MARRIED NYX AND THEY RULED OVER THIS CHAOTIC WORLD TOGETHER.



UNTIL ONE DAY, THEIR CHILDREN, AETHER, WHO IS LIGHT, AND HEHEMERA, WHO IS DAY, GRAZED THE SUPREME POWER.

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, SPACE, ILLUMINED BY THEIR RADIANCE, WAS REVEALED IN ALL ITS DISORDER.



DETERMINED TO CREATE FROM THE MADNESS A THING OF BEAUTY, THEY SUMMONED THEIR SON EROS, WHO IS LOVE, AND BY WORKING TOGETHER, PSYCHE, WHO IS EARTH, WAS CREATED



AT FIRST, EARTH WAS A BARREN WORLD, DEVOID OF LIFE.

SO EROS PERCEIVED THE COLD BOSOM OF THE EARTH WITH HIS LIFE-GIVING ARROWS.

ALL WAS NOW LIFE, JOY, AND MOTION.

GAEA SEEKING TO COMPLETE THE
WORK SO WELL BEGUN, CREATED
URANUS, WHO IS THE HEAVENS.



URANUS AND GAEA GAINED CONTROL
OVER THE UNIVERSE AND WERE
SOON THE PARENTS OF TWELVE
GIGANTIC CHILDREN... THE TITANS!



BUT URANUS FEARED THEIR
GREAT STRENGTH, SO THE
TITANS WERE IMPRISONED IN
TARTARUS, THE DREAD
UNDERWORLD!





THE TITING WERE SOON JOINED BY OTHER CHILDREN OF URANUS...THE ONE-EYED CYCLOPES AND HUNDRED-HANDED CENTIMANI.



THE MUFFLED CRIES OF HIS CHILDREN REACH URANUS AND HE TREMBLES IN FEAR.

MY CHILDREN SUFFER FOR YOUR FEARS I BEG OF YOU TO RELEASE THEM!

SO THAT THEY MAY DETHRONE ME? THEY SHALL STAY IN TARTARUS FOREVER!



MY POOR CHILDREN URANUS SHALL PAY FOR HIS CRIME!



BUT GAEA'S PLANS WERE NOT SO EASILY FULFILLED.

ARE YOU ALL COMARDS? CAN I NOT FIND EVEN ONE AMONG YOU WHO WILL HELP ME OVERTHROW YOUR EVIL FATHER?



BAH! I LEAVE YOU HERE TO ROT!

WAIT! SATURN WILL AID YOU! SET ME FREE!





FOUR MORE TIMES, SATURN
SWALLOWED HIS CHILDREN.
RHEA IS DEEPLY GRIEVED, BUT
HAS DEVISED A PLAN TO SAVE
THE CHILD SHE IS NOW CARRYING.



RHEA WRAPS A STONE IN CLOTH
AND, FIGURING INTENSE GRIEF
PREGNATED IT TO SATURN, WHO
PROMPTLY SWALLOWED IT.



HER DECEPTION
WAS SUCCESSFUL. RHEA
WAS OVERCOME WITH
JOY

I
THINK I
SHALL NAME
YOU
ZEUS.



TO PROTECT HER SON FROM
SATURN'S WITCHFUL EYES,
RHEA ENTRUSTED THE BABY
ZEUS TO THE CARE OF
THE MELIAN NYMPHS,
WHO HID HIM IN A CAVE
ON MT. ICA.











SOME OF THE TITANS WERE CAPTURED AND AGAIN PLACED IN TARTARUS. THE CENTIMANI WERE ENLISTED TO GUARD THEM.



A SPECIAL PUNISHMENT AWAITED ATLAS. HE WAS CONDEMNED TO CARRY UPON HIS SHOULDERS FOREVERMORE THE MIGHTY PILLARS WHICH SUPPORT THE HEAVENS, AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE WORLD!





ONLY ZEUS STANDS FIRM.





THE ORIGINAL ART SIZE (11" x 17") REPRODUCTION OF THIS STORY IS AVAILABLE FOR \$1.00 FROM QUINTESSENCE PUBLICATIONS, P.O. BOX 5246, SPOKANE, WA 99205.

A NICE PLACE TO LIVE, BUT.

SOONER OR LATER ALMOST EVERY WEST COAST PERSON HAS A VISITOR FROM NEW YORK.....

FIRST COMES THE PHONE CALL.....

HI, I'M AT THE AIRPORT! PICK ME UP!



YEAH, I JUST HAD TO GET AWAY FOR A WEEK AND RELAX!



FAR OUT, HERE'S MY CAR

LATER, AT YOUR APARTMENT....



SO WADDYA DO FOR GRINS AROUND HERE?

WELL.. WE COULD GO TO THE LAKE, GET STONED? THERE'S AN ART EXHIBIT IN SAN FRAN-



NAW, I GOT AN APPOINTMENT AT ROLLING STONE TODAY!

WELL THE PAPER SEZ KUBRICK'S NEW FILM JUST OPENED, WANNA GO TONITE?



SMIT, THAT OPENED THREE MONTHS AGO IN NEW YORK!

...AND ON A VISIT TO YOUR STUDIO.



HAH, YOU CALL THAT INKING?

WANNA SEE MY COMMERCIAL PORTFOLIO?



SAY, DON'T YOU GUYS EVER DO ANY WORK AROUND HERE?

AND THEN AT A PARTY THROWN FOR HIM.....



HEY, MAN, WHATS THE MATTER? EVERYONE'S HAVING A BALL!

GRUMPY GRUMPY

FINALLY HE LEAVES AND AS YOU DRIVE HOME YOU THINK.....



WHAT A WEIRDO GUY.

AND THE VISITOR'S THOUGHTS?



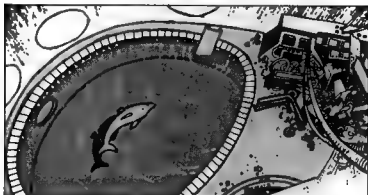
BOY, WHAT A WEIRDO.

MANDY

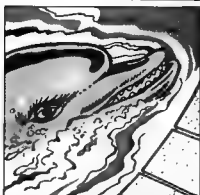
THE GIRL WITH THE MOST COMICS IN AMERICA



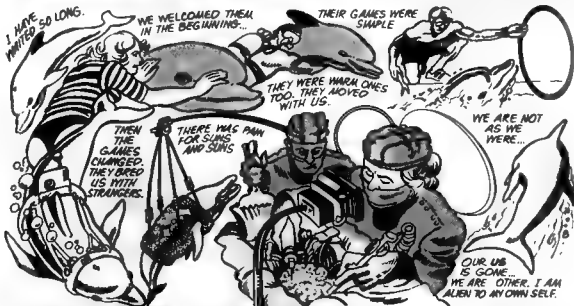
WATERS OF REQUITAL BY Lee Marrs



THERE IS A CHANGE. THERE ARE OTHERS... CLOSER...



THE SMALL ONES FINALLY RETURN.



I CAN FEEL THEIR NEARNESS...

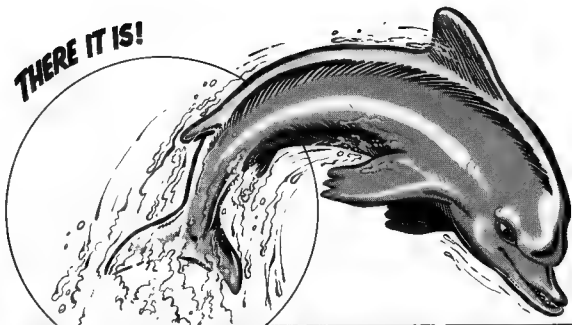


ONE IS AGITATED, ANGRY... THE OTHER IS PUZZLED, AFRAID.



WHERE'S THE BEAST? GODDAMIT, TO HAVE COME THIS FAR...

THERE IT IS!



FINALLY, MY TICKET
TO IMMORTALITY...



WHY, IT'S BEAUTIFUL!



I'M GOING TO UN-
LOCK YOUR SECRETS
AND BECOME THE
MOST HONORED
HUMAN IN THE
REGIME!

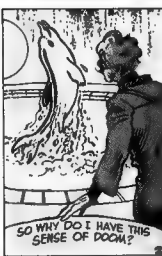


SO FREE... SMOOTH
AND LOVELY.

STOP ADMIRING THE DAMN
BEAST AND UNLOAD THE
CONVERTERS, QUICKLY! OR
YOU'LL FEEL THE CONSEQUENCES!



HIS GOAL IS
NEAR AT
LAST. HE
WILL SOON
RETURN TO
RECEIVE
THE ACCLAIM
HE SO
DESPERATELY
SEeks...

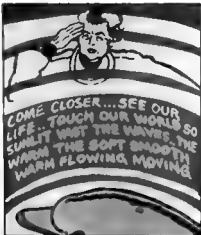


SO WHY DO I HAVE THIS
SENSE OF DOOM?

IN 15 YEARS OF
YEDMAN SERVICE,
I HAVE SEEN
NOTHING
LIKE YOU,
SILVER
BEAUTY,
HOT ON ANY
OF THE
37 WORLDS.



COME TOUCH CLOSER HERE.



COME CLOSER...SEE OUR
LIFE..TOUCH OUR WORLD SO
SUN! IT WAST THE WAVES, THE
WARM THE SOFT SMOOTH
WARM FLOWING MOVING

SEE OUR LIFE...



WE WERE ALWAYS
TOGETHER, NEVER
ALONE. MANY
TO TOUCH, WARM,
PLAY.



WE MOVED
IN BOTH HERE
LARGE AND THERE
SUN - UP AND
DOWN DOWN,
ROARING.



WE LOVED, RUBBED,
FLOWED, MATED,
MAKING NEW ONES
PROTECTED, OUR
LIVES LONG CLOSE
LIVES.



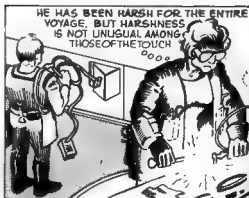
SAFE, MOVING, NOTHING
TO FEAR, EVER, BUT...



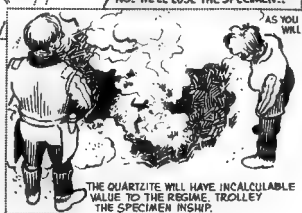
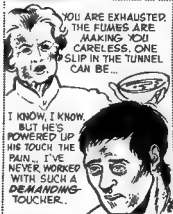
WYD! SLACKER!
YEDMAN FOOL!
MOVE THE
CARTRIDGES,
NOW!



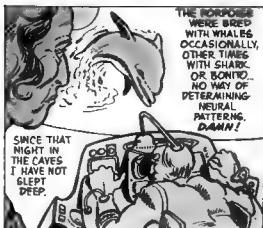
YES, PATRON,
AS YOU
WILL.



THEN WHEN WE LANDED, BEGAN THE REAL WORK OF THE MISSION: HE BECAME FEVERED.



"IT WAS AN ACCIDENT... BUT STILL..."



THE MONSTERS WERE BRED WITH WHALES OCCASIONALLY, OTHER TIMES WITH SHARK OR BONITO... NO WAY OF DETERMINING NEURAL PATTERNS, DAMN!

SINCE THAT NIGHT IN THE CAVES I HAVE NOT SLEPT DEEP.



HOURS GO, THEN DAYS

GODDAM YOU BEAST! ALL YOU DO IS JAM THE TELEPATHER! WE'VE GOT NOTHING BUT SHIBBERISH!

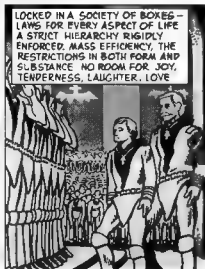
HIS HEAT INCREASES. SOON THE IMAGES WILL COME OUT..

IF I CAN GET INTO THAT LOCKED HEAD OF YOURS THE LAST DAYS OF THIS EARTH WILL ROLL FORTH! THE TAPES REVEAL YOUR SPECIES' VAST DEVELOPMENT. BY THE DEATH OF THIS PLANET, YOU HAD COME TO CONFER WITH HUMAN LEADERS, TO SHAPE JOINT POLICIES, AIMS.



THIS WOULD BE THE CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT! TO DISCOVER THE SECRET OF THE LAST DAYS! I WOULD RETURN IN TRIUMPH!

THE AWARDS CAME EASILY TO HIM FROM THE FIRST HE WAS SHARP



LOCKED IN A SOCIETY OF BOXES - LAWS FOR EVERY ASPECT OF LIFE A STRICT HIERARCHY RIGIDLY ENFORCED, MASS EFFICIENCY, THE RESTRICTIONS IN BOTH FORM AND SUBSTANCE NO ROOM FOR JOY, TENDERNESS, LAUGHTER, LOVE

YES THE FLOW IS STRONGER. THE PICTURE IS CLEAR... INSIDE HIS HEAD... I CAN SEE NOW HIS ANGER HIS LIFE



HE ROSE SWIFTER THAN MOST. NO HESITATION. NO WEAKNESS. FOLLOWING ALL THE PRECEPTS, TOOK EVERY LINE - TO SUCCESS.



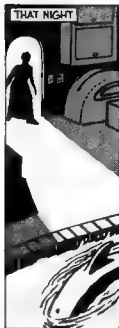
NOWHERE TO GO..THE ROUTINE OF RESPONSIBILITY. FETTERS BINDING HIS DRIVE, HIS FORCE! TRAPPED AT THE TOP!



PUSHING AT EVERY EDGE, HE GAINED ACCESS: THE ANNUAL SURVEY OF OUTER WORLDS! IN THE ONE SHIP THEIR TINY RESOURCES COULD MAINTAIN, THE REGIME SET FORTH A PROBE - SEEK OTHER LIFE, NEW MATERIALS, REPLACING OLD ONES OUTER SPACE!



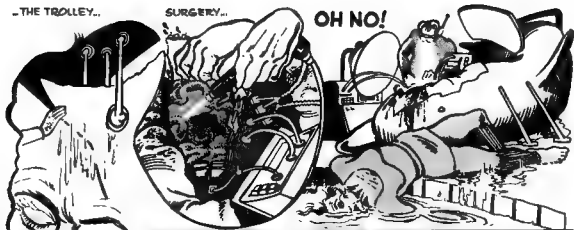
AH, YES! THE CONTACT! YOU PLAN TO... INTEND TO... AAH... NO! NO!



...THE TROLLEY...

SURGERY...

OH NO!



TOMORROW...



NO!



STOP IT, WYD! THERE'S NOTHING
YOU CAN DO!
YOU... UHNN!
I'LL USE YOU
AND BE
FINISHED...
OOOF!

OBEY
ME!
AGAIN...



YOU CAN DO NOTHING! DO YOU UNDERSTAND? I NEED YOU TO MONITOR THE POWER GAUGE OR YOU'D BE DEAD NOW! OBEY ME!

STOP!

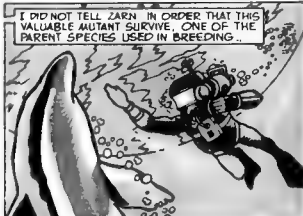


THE MORNING
I CAN DO NOTHING

AH, NO! DO NOT COME INTO THE HERE, SMALL ONE



BY DOING NOTHING I WILL SURVIVE.



I DID NOT TELL ZARN IN ORDER THAT THIS VALUABLE MUTANT SURVIVE, ONE OF THE PARENT SPECIES USED IN BREEDING..

PLEASE! THE URGE BEGINS TO GROW NO!

NO! CLOSER... THE PAIN... SAVAGE TEARING DESIRE TO. NO! THE TASTE, SURGE.. HUNGER FOR...



... WAS SHARK.

... BLOOD! RIPPING DEEP... CRUSHING OUT LIFE! KILL KILL DESTROY!

THE END



"A CITY, NOT CASABLANCA BUT ON THE SAME COAST FURTHER SOUTH, IN MOROCCO. A LATE THURSDAY AFTERNOON IN THE LATTER PART OF JUNE. IT WAS BEASTLY HOT, I REMEMBER. THE DAY THAT... LINDA LOVECRAFT CAME TO TOWN..."



HSSEST,
HSSEST

HELLO,
MY GOOD
FRIEND!

HSSEST,
HSSEST!
HSSEST!

JUST
TAKE A LOOK!
IS ALL FOR
FREE!!

DON'T
IT REMIND
YOU OF HOME,
LETCH...?

Mumble...
Mumble...

ALMTH~ALMTH
FOR A POOR
THERVANT
OF ALLAH...

MIDNIGHT IN THE MEDINA

TEXTE DE
MARY
SARRINS

DESSINS DE
Mike
Vosny

LETRES DE
JOCK GREEN
& ORZ.

"IT WAS A MATTER OF COURSE THAT ANYONE ENTERING THE MEDINA IN A TOURING CAR SHOULD MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF ABDUL THE CRIPPLE..."

"ABDUL HAD PERFECTED THE ART OF HURLING HIS UNSAVORY BODY, QUITE CONVINCINGLY, UNDER THE WHEELS OF THE PASSING MOTORIST..."

"USUALLY THE PASSENGERS WOULD TAKE ONE LOOK, SHOWER THE PROFESSIONAL VICTIM WITH MONEY, THEN RUSH OFF SOMEWHERE TO DIVEST THEMSELVES OF THEIR LUNCH..."



"I HAD RECOGNIZED THE WOMAN IN VIXEN'S PHOTO IMMEDIATELY, THOUGH A PICTURE COULD HARDLY DO HER JUSTICE..."



CAPTAIN CLAUDNEALY AT YOUR SERVICE, MADAMOISELLE...



"AS I LED THE LOVELY MISS LOVECRAFT TO A NEARBY CAFE, I CURSED MYSELF FOR BEING FORCED TO COOPERATE WITH COLD-HEARTED VIXEN O'HARE, BUT THE C.I.A. AGENT KNEW CERTAIN FACTS ABOUT MY PAST.

NOW TELL ME...

WHAT IS SUCH A COMELY YOUNG WOMAN DOING IN THIS INHOSPITABLE, UNCIVILIZED AND UTTERLY BORING COUNTRY...?

WHY, CAPTAIN, YOU DON'T SOUND HAPPY HERE.

THE BEST TABLE IN THE HOUSE, MUSSALLAH.

SO SELDOM IS OUR MEDINA HONORED BY SUCH A VISION OF DELIGHT AS YOU, M'DEAR.

YOU'RE VERY FLATTERING, CAPTAIN. ACTUALLY, I AM HERE IN SEARCH OF A FAMILY HEIRLOOM, A RING, THAT DISAPPEARED FROM MY ANCESTRAL HOME.

"SHE DESCRIBED TO ME A CURIOUSLY INSCRIBED RING WHICH SHE CLAIMED DATED BACK TO THE THIRD CENTURY B.C. THE RING WAS OBVIOUSLY OF GREAT MONETARY VALUE, BUT HER ATTACHMENT TO IT SEEMED MORE SENTIMENTAL. BUT FROM HER DESCRIPTION I KNEW THAT I HAD SEEN THAT RING BEFORE..

IF I MAY BE OF SERVICE I WILL DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO FIND OUT IF THERE IS SUCH A RING IN THE AREA...

HOW VERY SWEET OF YOU, CAPTAIN.

AND HOW FORTUNATE FOR MYSELF THAT I HAVE MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A MAN WHO IS SO GALLANT.

MEANWHILE, MY OMBU CHUM THE PASHA WAS INDULGING IN HIS USUAL WAKING PASTIME...

THE FELLOW CONTROLLED ENORMOUS WEALTH THROUGH TARIFFS ON BLACK MARKETING, AND HIS DISTANT RELATIONSHIP TO THE KING GRANTED HIM VIRTUAL IMPUNITY...



I SAY, PASHA, DID YOU MEAN ALL THAT BIT ABOUT WHATEVER YOU POSSESS BEING MINE?

BUT OF COURSE MY GOOD FRIEND!



I'D RATHER FANCY HAVING THAT CURIOUS RING WITH THE ARABIC CHARACTERS ON IT.



WHY DO YOU WANT THIS RING? I COULD HAVE YOUR EYES TORN OUT FOR THIS!!

PLEASE FORGET I EVER MENTIONED IT, PASHA!

*IT SEEMED THE PASHA'S RING WAS NO MERE TRINKET! HE VALUED IT HIGHLY! —LUCKILY, SOME RELIGIOUS TABOO PREVENTED HIM FROM DOING ME HARM UNTIL THREE DAYS AFTER WE HAD BROKEN BREAD TOGETHER! BY THEN IT WOULD MATTER LITTLE...









BNEABREATH!



HOW UNFORTUNATE THAT I MUST DESTROY YOU, LITTLE ONE.



"MY ARRIVAL AT THE PASHA'S WAS A TIMELY ONE FOR ALL INVOLVED! I HAD BROUGHT MADemoiselle O'HARE TO THE PALACE FOR A MEETING WITH THE PASHA..."





the end

Would YOU buy
a USED COMIC
from this man?



PHOTO: SHEL DORF

STAR*REACH #1 - #13.....	\$1.50@
PUDGE GIRL BLIMP #1 - #3.....	\$1.50@
QUACK #2 - #5.....	\$1.25@
IMAGINE #1, #2.....	\$1.50@
PARSIFAL.....	\$2.00

PLEASE ADD 35¢ PER COMIC FOR POSTAGE/HANDLING.





ANOTHER
SCAN BY
CLEVELAND'S OWN...

GLITCH



YOU DOWN WITH DCF?